ESPIRITU SANTO

By Henrietta Dana Skinner.

CHAPTER XXVIII. Oh. widowed casement, and oh, darkened rcom! Where sunshine was, are shadow, pain and

groom. eye. And now the very stones wept silently. Shadowed and still are chamber, stair and

floor. The ionely window and darkened door."

The night was starlit and cloudless t there was no moon, and the shadow but there was no moon, and the shadow of the neighboring mountains made all things black and impenetrable. The lanterns threw weird lights across the road and flickered among the bordering trees. The solidly constructed and well-kept road wound through a region of chestrat and eak groves and mounwell-kept road wound through a region of chestnut and oak groves and mountain streams at the base of the bold and picturesque hills of the Pistoiese highlands, but of the beauty about them the travellers discerned nothing. They listened intently for the sound of acceptaing wheels, but they passed no but they passed no approaching wheels, one on the road, either mounted or on foot. The first streaks of dawn were lighting the sky above the dark chain of the Appennines as they drew in at Cutigliano to the accompaniment of rattling stones and cracking whip. They stopped at the inn to rest the horses and make inquiries of the landlord, to whom, as members of the Al-pine Club which patronized largely the inns at San Marcello and Cutigliano, the Commendatore Mannsfield and his

brothers were well known. Excellency arrived at San Marcello late last evening, and has pushed on during the night to Bosco-A peasant lad hour since that the young count had been delayed and would not reach here till noon to-day, and that we were to have fresh horses ready to drive him with all speed to Pracchia."

"I will drive on to Boscolungo at once and meet him there," said Daretti. "God grant that he may not fail! This "God grant that he may not fail! This delay may cost him dear. There is not a moment to be lost."
"Poor young man!" murmured the host. His wife who had been roused by

the noisy advent of the victoria, joined in sympathizingly: "Poor young man!"

The extra horse had now been at-tached to the carriage, and large bonnets of coarse straw tied down over the animals' heads to protect them from the summer sun. The road, a magnificent specimen of mountain engineering, wound upward in lengthy zigzags, clinging to the hill-side on the left of the deep, green valley. They could trace in two thousand feet above their heads through the openings of the forest. They gradually left behind them the region of oaks and chestnuts, and entered that belt of giant first from which the mountain pass derives its name, Passo-dell' Abetone. The air was crisp and invigorating, the full June sunshine was welcome to mitigate its almost frosty sparkle. They arrived in advance of the wan-

derer at the Hotel Abetone, the ancient custom-house of the frontier, but now a favorite resort of Italian aristoeracy escaping from the heat of July and August. Noon had come and brought no Teodoro. Bindo and Adriano embraced in infinite sadness; they could not conceal their anxiety.

"There is no other road through the pass, he could not escape us," said Bindo, and they waited and watched. Bindo brought out his spy-glass and turned it towards all the openings on the surrounding hills. The setting conthe surrounding hills. The setting sun found them alarmed to the highest de-

gree. "Some accident may have happened, we had better send out a relief party, suggested Bindo. Three sturdy moun taineers were engaged, and started off with torches to explore the most likely paths that the wanderer would take. Adriano insisted upon going with them. Of course that meant Oreste also.

"I cannot stay still; this anxiety will drive me wild," said Adriano.
"You, Bindo, must wait here to stop him, if he should miss his road. Simone will attend you."

You had better let me go with you, sir," said Simone. "The duke, my late master, has often climbed about these hills, and I am well used to the emergencies of mountain-life."

So the little party of six men started mountain-roads in the ever-increasing darkness. Bindo restpaced the road in front of hotel, watching every shadow, and re-lieving his anxiety by directing the landlord in various preparations meet every accident that he could fore-

And the watchers in the far-off city y the sea had also their anxieties. by the sea had also the the gentle sufferer lay in a sort of the day, but toward most of the day, but toward might she grew restless and slightly delirious, calling for Teodoro—and her mind wandering back to their childhood. seemed to think that it was he dying, and that she was strewing lowers of the Holy Ghost on his bier and begging him to sing to her. Saturday morning brought a telegram from Bindo at San Marcello, saying that they had not yet met Teodoro, but hoped to reach When he came out of the humble sub-burban church, bearing the Sacred Host, preceded by acolytes holding candles and tinkling the little bell of warning, the people knelt by the roadside and bared their heads, praying for the lovely foreign maider dying when all was prepared for her After the pious custom of Catholic countries, many joined the little procession and followed reverently, reciting prayers and chanting psalms alternately with the priest, until ently, ne entered the door of the modest cot-

tage by the sea.
Espiritu rallied somewhat and seemed peaceful and happy after receiving the last sacraments, but as the afternoon were on the restlessness returned, accompanied by severe suffering. To-wards sunset the cool breezes from the sea brought some relief, but great ex- hills, leaving the exquisitely tinted,

haustion took its place and nervous spasms shook her slender was done that skill and could devise to relieve, her and as the sun sank towards the horizon she grew very still and white. "Theodore!" very still and white. "Theodore!" she whispered. "Theodore, sing me to sleep!" The watchers by the bed looked at each other heart-brokenly. Why was he not there to grant her last request?

st request?

From the convent on the opposite height came the sound of voices sing-ing, for it was the eve of Pentecost, the monks were chanting the first Vespers of the feast, and the bells rung out with sweet and joyful clangor. E itu Santo epened her eyes a last and smiled at them all. The sun The sun was and smiled at them all. The sun was just sinking into the sparkling sea. The rosy sunset light touched the face that lay on the pillow; she stretched her hands towards it. "O Lux beatissima!" she murmured, and with a soft glad cry the gentle spirit breathed

And he, where was he who should have been by her side, and for whom she called in infinite longing from her she called in infinite longing from her couch of pain? Gladly hurrying towards her, eager to reach her on her feast day, the eve of their bridal, Teodoro strode along the mountainpaths. The first day of his walkingtour he had not accomplished the dis tance expected, for he had fallen sadly out of training in a year and a half of city life. The second day he was in better trim, and on Friday sent word by a woodman passing him on horse-back that he should reach Boscolungo by noon. But he was destined to meet with unfore seen delay. In a lonely spot in the Modenese forest he came across two sportmen, one of whom had just sustained a terrible injury from the explosion of his gun. The other begged Teodoro to stay by his companion while he ran to the nearest village for help. As Teodoro bent over the sufferer he recognized with a shock the distorted features of Oeglaire, and a sudden loathing filled his soul. His brother's enemy was in his hands. geance should he take?

The wounded man clung to him agonizingly. He did not recognize Teodoro, he only knew that it was a human being that he could turn to in his despair.
"Oh, for the love of God!" he gasped

hear my confession. Hear the con-ession of a poor, dying wretch!"
"But how can I? I am not a priest,

I cannot give you absolution, I cannot do you any good."
"Listen to me, as you hope for the

sacraments yourself on your death-bed," screamed the dying man. "I cannot live to see a priest. I have murder on my soul and you must hear me. I have been an atheist. I have jeered at the teachings of my childhood. I have railed at priests and sacraments, and now my hour has come and God has forsaken me. Bu oh, if you have any compassion in you soul, give me a chance for mercy, hear my confession!"

And Teodoro bent tenderly and rever

ently over the dying wretch and listened to the long story of sin and shame and erime that poured from those soiled ips. For the first time he heard in all its fulness the tale of persecution of Catalina and Adriano. He knew that lips. tatana and Adriano. He knew that was in his power to leave their treacherous foe in his anguish to die alone and unforgiven. But Teodoro, murmuring a prayer, uncovered his head, and with a certain solemnity laid his hand on the repentant sinner's brow.

"I cannot indeed give you absolution.

I cannot bring you the solace of the sacrament of penance," he said, gently, but God has sent to me give you hope and consolation. In the name of my beloved brother, Adrien Darretti, but there if him these life you tried in the name of him whose life you tried to take, I forgive you even as he would forgive you were he here in my place!" Oeglaire gave a gasp of terror, but a

Oeglaire gave a gasp of terror, but as he looked up cringingly into the angelic face above him this terror wore away. He closed his eyes as if unable to bear the merciful glance of those clear orbs. "Tell your brother," he murmured,

"it has indeed been a duel to the death, and the victory—is his!

Many hours had passed before help arrived and the dead man was borne to the nearest hostelry. It was Teodoro's first encounter alone with crime and nrst encounter alone with crime and death, and for some time he could hardly shake off the weight of sadness and gloom, but, as he resumed his walk, air and exercise soon restored his ardent young spirit. He had many lost hours to make up, and there was no time to spare. It was now nearing sunset of Saturday, and he must make his best speed if he would reach his bride before the Whitsun feast was over. Teodoro wandered on among the mountain-peaks above Abetone, passing the huts of the charcoal-burners with a friendly greetag, which the occupants returned with the graceful civility of the Pistoiese peasant. With swinging strides he decended into the magnificent pine zore from the fir-crowned ridges above. The un was on the point of setting, the husbandmen were preparing to leave the fields below and seek their mountian homes How small they looked, a thou sand feet below him, moving busil about! A group of charcoal-burne busily were working in a clearing among the chestnuts and oaks. Teodoro sprang upon a rock and waved his hat towards was no further message. At last Espiritu's weakness became so alarming that they sent for the residue of the re ing for that vision of young strength and health, standing in manly beauty in the glow of an Italian sunset, his fine Greek profile cut like a cameo against the purple background of the hills, a sunlight touching the bronze ray of rings of hair that carled over the white brow, the proud, clear eyes gazing half defantly across the broad horizon as if ready to battle with all that fate migh send him and a radiant smile of hope, of the consciousness of youth, joy, and vigor, parting the perfect lips? Shapeas a Greek athlete, he had uncor ciously struck a most picturesque atti tude, fearless and graceful full of curbed-in energy. Warm with exercise he loosened the collar of his shirt, and bare throat and chest to the invigorating mountain breeze. The sun sank slowly behind the dark chain of the Pistoiese

cloudless sky bright with the delicacy of mother-of-pearl. The sound of the Compline bells from convent towers dotting the hill-sides was faintly wafted ting the hill-sides was faintly water across the valley. The peasants lifted their caps, and, crossing themselves, devoutly recited the evening prayer. Reverently Teodoro joined them in spirit, then, standing there in the eleva-tion and solitude, the thought came to him to sing, and lifting up his glorious, soaring voice, he sang in the majestic, ecclesiastical chant the Compline

hymn: To lucis ante terminum rerum Creator po cimus, Ut pro tua clementia sis praesul et custodia ; Procui recedant somnia et noctium phantas

mata
Hostemque nostrum comprime ne polluan-tur corpora."

Then remembering that in a fair city by the sea the eyes he loved would b watching the same sunset over the wild blue waters, he sang in beautiful melof the Sea. "Ave, Maris Stella, Dei mater alma!" holding out his hand in-stinctively as if to clasp that of the sweet young maiden who was soon to begin life's journey at his side. The shadows were beginning to gather, the peasants were now leaving the valleys below. A party of them turned to wave him a farewell salute. He waved vig-orously back to them. "Oh, good people!" he cried, joyously, "if you only knew! This is the last evening you will see me here. One more sun set and I shall be standing by my ange bride, far beyond your beloved hills and over the wide seas! Dear, courteous people, listen while I sing you my fare well song." And throwing out his arms exultingly in the exuberance of health and joy, as if the blood bound-ing so gladly through his veins would him on over every obstacle land or sea to join him to the beloved of his soul, he poured forth in high, thrilling sweetness, his last song. Superbly it rang forth, till it seemed as if those divinely high and beautiful tones would penetrate the seven heavens to the crystal gate of paradise. Teodoro felt with a glad quick sense of power all the glory and beauty of his voice. Oh, Teodoro, gift of God! sing on! Sing on, beautiful boy! The seven heavens are indeed opening to receive thy song and waft it to Him that sitteth on the throne, to Whom is glory and beauty and joy and power forever!

what is the song of earth he i improvising there on the mountain-top, as the signs of human life draw aw from the valleys and he is left in the solitude of the everlasting hills?

"O kindly people from the hills around.

I pray you, listen to my song divine!
No more amid the chestnut and the pine
You'll hear its upward-soaring, joyous
sound.

Borne by the echoes to the throne of
Love—
Gud's angel calls to me from heights
above!" As the last long sweet notes died

away the mountain-side seemed to repeat softly "God's angel calls to me from heights above." A white mist peat softly "God's angel calls to me from heights above." A white mist erept through the valley like a shroud, an unearthly stillness fell over all. A soft whisper seemed to sigh by Teodoro's side, "Come." He seemed to feet the touch of a hand fall lightly on his own. It did not startle him, so sweet and soft was it; he only smiled and manuranted gently. "Espiritu. you and murmured gently, "Espiritu, you fill all my thoughts, and my eyes, dazzled with the brightness of the setting sun, seemed to see your sweet presence before me. Dear love, I come,

With the tender smile lingering on his mouth he turned to descend the The white mist was creeping slowly upward, the night air was growing damp and chill. Again the whisper breathed with startling distinctness, "Come!" Terrified, he stood still, and called out aloud, "My love, where are you? What do you want of me?" He gazed around and listened intently, but a deathly silence reigned and the long shadows of approaching night were covering all things. In night were covering all things. In vague awe and terror he knelt and bowed his brave young head. Was it a strained imagination or did he again faintly hear the mysterious whisper?

Church that is a bloybour of the carly Church, gether with you." The early Church, be says, generally understood that this Babylon meant Rome. Hence the Scriptures rightly understood show that Scriptures rightly understood show that He rose slowly to his feet, but with tired and stiffened limbs and a dazed, haps the greatest of British scholars bewildered head. The cold night wind struck into his bared chest with ing chill. He shuddered, and drawing his coat tightly about him again started down the hill-side, but with heavy, weary tread, the shortened breath coming and going painfully. The dark night settled down and blotted out the The dark fair and stately scene that a short hour ago had been so full of radiant promise.

So earth's best joys decay, Youth, joy, and empire's sway 1, the dark grave ending." TO BE CONTINUED.

Noted Convert.

The Hon, Violet Gibson has been reeived into the Catholic Church. Gibson is a daughter of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and has been preceded on "the path to Rome" by her elder prother, the Hon. William Gibson.

Indulgences of Modern Times.

By Rev. John F. Mullany, L. L. D., in August Donahoe's. The Indulgences of modern times are The indulgences of modern times are nothing more than what were granted in the first ages of the Church with this difference: that the public penance is no longer in force, owing to the elaxation of discipline and change of living. It entirely disappeared in the 12th century, but the Church has never given up the desire of restoring the fervor and discipline of the primitive Church, and consequently instead f abolishing these forms and substituting other practices in their place, she has preferred to retain these as mitigations of what she still holds herself entitled to enforce. The only difference, therefore, between her former and her present prac-tice is that the mitigation or commutation has become the ordinary form of satisfaction which she deems it pru-

If crosses, or contradictions, or troubes come, do not murmur or chafe against them. Take them calmly, and accept them thankfully.

dent to exact.

OTTESTION BOX

Replies to Queries Propounded at a Re cent Mission to Non-Catholics.

Question. What proof have you that a baby dying before baptism shall not enter heaven? Answer. To understand the proof one nust remember the Catholic doctrine of

heaven. The Church teaches that in heaven we see God face to face, and that we see Him as He is, or as He sees Him-To see God face to face, or as He sees Himself, one must receive some-thing from God, by which one can see God as He sees Himself. In baptism one gets the grace, so called by the Church, which gives one the right to eceive from God, in the next world, the light of glory by which one can see God face to face, or as He sees Himself. God face to face, or as the sees indiscri-without this light of glory one cannot see God. The possession of this light of glory depends on baptism. And so it follows that without baptism the child in question is deprived of the light of in the next world, and can neve see God face to face, or as He sees Him-self. Therefore the child is deprived of heaven, which essentially consists in see-ing God as He sees Himself. This doctrine of the Church in regard to the child is based on the many texts of Scripture, in which heaven is described as the state in which we live like God and see God face to face, or as He sees Himself: and the text of Scripture where Christ says, "Amen, Amen, I say to you, unless you are born of water, and the Holy Ghost you cannot see God." (St. John iii., 5.)

Perhaps it were well to add that the Church does not say that the soul of Church does not say that the soul of the child who dies unhaptized will go to hell. The Church is allent as regards the place to which the child will go. Catholic theologians say that God sends Catholic theologians say that God sends souls to hell only when they personally have done deeds which deserve to be punished. In other words, we send ourselves to hell. The unbaptized child who dies has done nothing worthy of punishment. Without baptism the child is simply deprived of the gift of heaven, something not due to its human nature, and without which its present human nature can exist and be happy; and so Catholic theologians believe that the child dying unbaptized will have some kind of natural happiness such as it would enjoy in this world were all sor-rows, trials and natural misfortunes and rows, trials and natural mistortunes and sickness done away with. The differ-ence between the future happiness of a baby dying after baptism and a baby dying without baptism is so great it cannot be expressed in words. may try to express it perhaps by the statement that the one possesses God and lives like God with a supernatural happiness; the other does not possess God, and lives like a human being with the natural happiness of a human being. St. John expresses the first when he says: "To those who believe in Him He gave the power to become the Sons of God. Christ expresses the last when He said: "Unless you are born of water and the Holy Ghost you cannot

see God." Question. Why do you claim that St Peter was the first Bishop of the Church of Rome? Kindly prove from the New Testament that St. Peter was ever at

Rome. Answer. We claim that St. Peter wa at Rome, because history shows that he was at Rome, that he taught at Rome, was head of the Church at Rome, was head of the Unurch at Rome, was crucified at Rome and that all the succeeding Bishops of Rome were called the successors of St. Peter. Never do we hear that St. Peter was the successors of St. Peter was the successor of St. Peter sor of any Bishop of Rome. To prove from the Scriptures that St. Peter was at Rome I shall take the authority of Professor Salmon in his introduction on the New Testament, edition 1894, page 439. He says there has been a great deal of controversy as to the place of composition of the first epistle of St. Peter. At the close of the epistle, v. 13, a salutation is sent "from the Church that is at Babylon, elected to-The early Church, among non-Catholics, when it is question of anything that relates to the New

Testament, says on the same page: "The connection of Peter with Rome has been so insisted on by Roman Catholies that Protestants have thought it a duty to deny it; and thus there is a number of commentators whose are so biased one way or another by the effect their decision may have on ern controversies that their opinion goes for nothing." He himself believes that Babylon means Rome, and that Lipsius and other German divines who hold the opposite opinion appear to him not free from anti-Roman bias. page 441 he says the Roman martyrdom of St. Peter is well attested, and no other city but Rome claims to have been the place. Since St. Peter was at Rome, taught from Rome, died at Rome and as he was a Bishop, naturally he was Bishop of Rome. This part of the question may be studied from any Catholic book which gives the quotations for the fethers who speak of St. Peter from the fathers who speak of St. Peter as Bishop of Rome. The Protestant Cave says in his "Literary History of Ecclesiastical Writers," "that St. Peter was the first Bishop of Rome we affirm boldly with the whole multitude of the ancients.'

venial sin only, it may be "an idle word," it is reasonable to infer that the punishment rendered to that person in the next world will be only for a time. Catholics do not believe, that those Christians who die guilty only of small or venial sins unrepented of and unforgiven are condemned to the everlasting pains of hell, as Protestants must believe if consistent with their principles. Catholics believe that for such there is call to war although painful, of heing of a religious believe that for such there is call to war although principle. Catholies believe that for such the still a way, although painful, of being still a way, although painful, of being of a religious body which has cleansed from these lesser faults after this life, through the merits of Jesus not a line of written rule. With his

this life, through the merits of Jesus through the merits of J a fire and made nt to effect into the heavenly Jerusalem, where "there shall not enter anything defiled." (Apocalypse xxi., 27;) or, to use the language of St. Paul, "he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire." That there is a Purgatory has been treath by the Church from the heaving. taught by the Church from the beginning. Catholics pray for the souls in Purgatory that they may be loosed from their sins and more quickly enter heaven. This has been an ancient custom of the Church. It was not introduced by Christ and the Apostles into the custom the world. The Jews had before the time of Christ of praying for their dead, and they retain the custom unto this day. In the Book of Maccabees we notice as a historical fact that it is related that after a battle money was sent to the priests of Jerusalem to offer sacrifice for those who were slain in battle; because it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead. The same pious custom of praying for the dead is proved also from the ancient Mass Books of the old Greek and other Eastern Churches which sep-arated from the Roman Catholic Church in the centuries after Christ, in which the priest is directed to pray for the of the dead during the celebrarepose of the dead during the celebra-tion of the Holy Mysteries.

Why do we not find the word in the

something found in Scripture. It means a cleansing, and when applied to the souls in the next world it means a cleansing of everything that may keep the soul from heaven. The Catholic believes that of those who die very few go directly to heaven. As nothing de filed can enter heaven, the place that prepares them takes away the The soul is cleansed there, the name Purgatory. hence Church has done the same thing with the word Trinity, which is not found in the Bible, but is applied to something recorded in the Bible, viz., three per-sons in one God. Non-Catholics use the word Trinity, and make no object tion because it is not found in the Bible. Why should they object to the use of the word Purgatory because it is not found in the Bible ?—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

ST. DOMINIC.

Sermon Preached in the Church of Ou Lady of the Annunciation, Woodches ter, Glos., England, by the Very Rev. Vincent McNabb, O. P.

August Rosary Magazine No one need claim for the saint thos

high abstract powers of thought which have made an Aquinas or a Newton. His mind more naturally grasped things thoughts. It was rather in his knowledge of men and events that St. Dominic's keenness of mind was shown. I do not mean that his influence over many or most of the great men of hi was purely an intellectual.

If influence be in great part triumph. magnetic, due account must be made of the magnet of man—the heart—with its attractive force of love and hate. Still, without a clear, deep insight into Still, without a clear, deep insignt into men and man-made events no great and lasting influence can be gener-ated. Upon this great penetration of mind St. Dominic's intellectual reputation chiefly rests. For it is never easy to forecast the shiftings of the changeful river of human events. He would be a bold man who would foretell the political and still more the religious Europe, Asia, Africa of the end of the twentieth century. In the 13th something approaching prophecy. Peoples were beginning to mix to-gether, to understand and misunderstand each other. Foreign news grew grotesque and antiquated before it reached its destination. The religious mpulses, always stimulated by the aighest faith, were often accompanied by the tatters of pagan superstition. Catholic Europe was a precocious child if you will—but a child as well in the uncertainty of its promise as in the fascination of its cleverness and brilliant fancy. Dominic Guzman had a mind to read the future of that strange childlike century as if he found its horoscope stamped upon its brow. When other men sat down in despair at the onrush of Albigensianism which threatened to eat up the good ears of corn nurtured with such care by the Church, the keen eye of Dominic saw hope even in de-feat.

He may be said to have created or re-created the sacred art of preaching. Yet he was not ashamed even in this to copy the very sects he was oppos-Whilst the civil princes Europe were waging war upon the Al-bigensian territory, the saint was pre-paring the overthrow of error by adopting every best feature of the Albi genses—their show of poverty, their zeal for preaching, their complex organ-

wise determination to preserve the greatest possible representative element in the government of the Order.

It is always the temptation of a strong man to take matters into his own hands—but it is the besetting virtue of

great insight into human nature he felt it safer to stamp his spirit on out of their united wisdom. From the de beginning it was a parliament of elect ors who drew up the Constitutions of the Order. And they drew them up in such a spirit of mediæval libert that eight hundred years such a continuity in their Constitu tiens; and still fewer have dealt with the many nationalties that have borne the white wool of Saint Dominic. For with the eyes of genius he settled t take possessien of the whole civilized world. He sent his handful of breth ren to Rome, Paris, Bologna, Oxford the religious, philosophical, dynamic centres of Europe. Guzman had foreseen the winding course of human things for ages to come. He may even even have foreseen the re mote influence wielded by him in the Constitutions of the two freeest and mightiest nations of modern times, simon de Montfort, the father of the English Parliament, was the son of St. Dominic's life-long friend, the elder Simon. He bore his father's love for the brethren and built a friary at Leic ester. He must have known the spirit of the Order; so it is far from improbable Why do we not find the word in the New Testament? The word was coined and applied by the Church to something found in Society to the Church to the Europe, the force of living in Dominic's legislative power won his attention; and charactistics of medieval monastic state-craft were copied by him in his Constitution of the great Model Republic of modern times

Baptists' Opinion of Us.

The Watchman (Baptist) "regrets to say" that some Protes tants in America, when discussing the missionary opportunity offered by the Philippines, have used language that might imply that "they regarded the establishment of American sovereignty as a Protestant triumph." We are glad to see our esteemed contemporary deprecating that misguided zeal which has been so prominent a feature of Pro testant utterance since the Spanish war. Another editorial opinion to be found in the same issue of the Watchman is not quite so much to the point. It is, in fact, incorrect. Here it is:

"No daily paper or journal which expects any circulation among its ad-herents ventures to print anything derogatory to the Roman Church, und penally of losing the patronage of Roman Catholics. While Protestants conman Catholics. tinue to patronize papers which often reflect sharply on their churches. Romanists as many publishers have learned, will not do so.

We heartily wish that Catholics could e credited with the loyalty and solidarity which is implied in the above extract. We know it to be only too true, however, that the average Catholic keeps on buying papers which continually contain ignorant or malicious attacks upon his most cherished beliefs. -Sacred Heart Review.

Missionaries Badly Needed

A remarkable instance of the thankfulness of converts when they get in out of the storm and stress of opinions that exist outside of the Cath-olic Church may be found in a letter just received from a bright literary man of New York City. He had been such a forecast would have necessitated after some years of harassing doubts a trying anxieties in the pursuit of the truth. He writes: "It is very difficult for me to find expression for the peace, the joy and the hope enkindled in my heart by my entrance into the Catholic Church. During the past winter and before I was tossed on a sea of doubt without rudder or compass. look back and study my heart during those months I wonder that I save from shipwreck my belief in a loving and watchful God. But now I am at home, in peace and absolutely conten in mind and heart. How my hear bleeds for the thousands of others who are out in the night on the sea, buffeted by every wind of doctrine or wild vagary! The profoundest catastrophe of history was the cataclysm that separ-ated the English-speaking world from the Catholic Church."

The greatest need in the non Catho lic mission field is missionaries. It is impossible for the present religious mis sionary corps to supply the demand for missions. Every missionary at work now has more than he can do, and the effort is to refuse work.

A NEW ANTIDOTE FOR ALCOHOL.

(From the Times and Opinion, London, Eng-

question. Why do Catholics pray for the dead? If there is such a place as Pargatory, why do we not find the word in the Bible?

Answer. Our Saviour said, "He that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him in this world nor the world to come." (St. Matt. xii., 32.) From this text St. Augustine argues that "It would not have been said with truth that their sin shall not be forgiven, neither in this world nor in the world to come, unless some sins were omitted in the next world. On the other hand, we read in several places of Holy Scripture that God will render to every one, that is, will reward or punish according as each deserves. (See for example (St. Matt. xii., 27.) But as we cannot think that God will punish everlastingly a person who dies burdened with the guilt of the color of the colo

AUGUE THE LAST

BY THE

Do Mairgread from the roc purring noise ank softly village chile sounds of ga inage reache brooding alo The merri fully, now to out for symp How long her own lite Now he, or ace and for white and ri tured with t kill of huma suffering is

Was it or neighbors h window wit the lane and on each side terday that her little be which clung and laid him yesterday, a bewildered how she ha their words out that awakened: brief year, she had s vases and netals deep ncontrolla They ha out the drapery fre that resign

halm to he At inter night follo vices, and against his the pale tears fell. still close hidden u shawl. For hou side the startee a eyes that grew afra

> to sleep i A fleet and bega ber song the kite across un of little wife. See. he is we Think of of glory yourself " Hus Mairgre

her arms,

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